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STAR TREK THE NEXT GENERATION® / DOCTOR WHO

ASSIMILATION²

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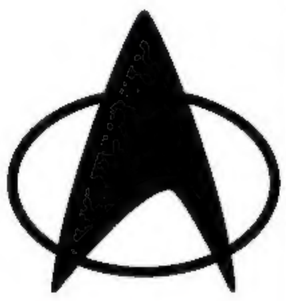
The story so far...
The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

Space... the Final Frontier. These are the voyages of the *Starship Enterprise*. Its continuing mission: to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where no one has gone before.



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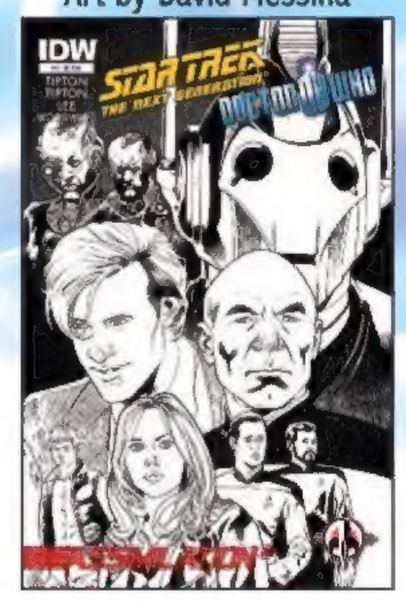

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DELTA IV, IN THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS. STARDATE 45635.2.

ASSIMILATION²

KRRRRNCH

KRRRRNCH

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! LET ME GO!
WE HAVE TO GET YOU TO SAFETY, PRIME MINISTER!

WE NEED TO GET HER TO THE SECURE COMMAND CENTER—NOW!

ENERGIZE!

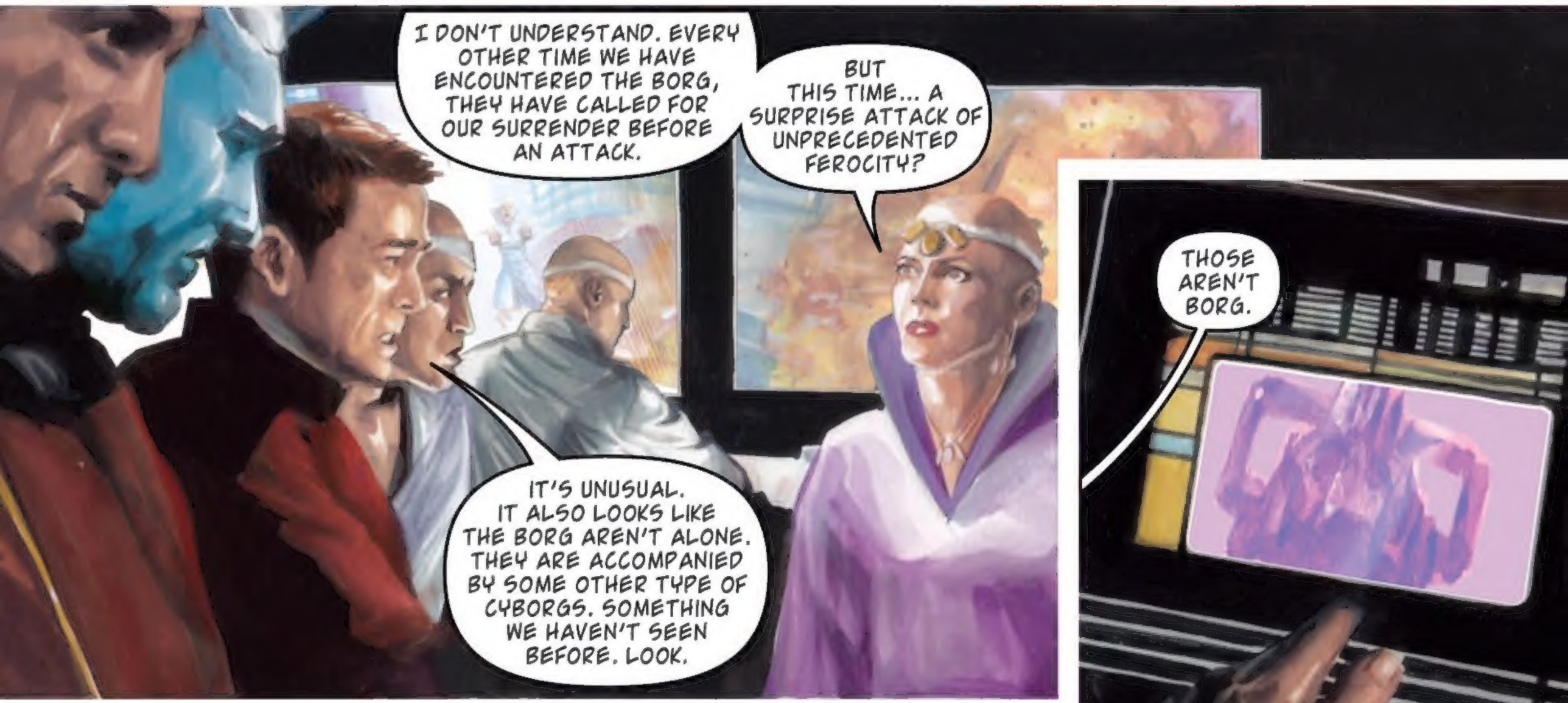
HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT'S THE PRIME MINISTER!
21:03:059

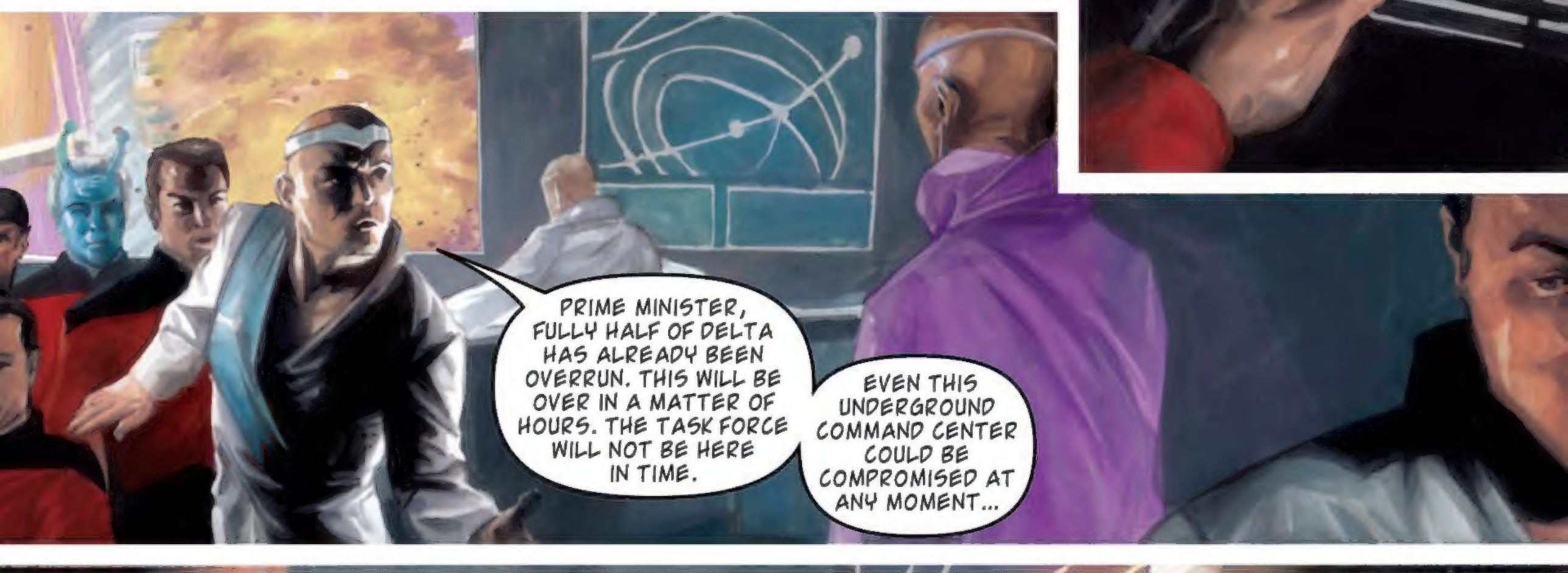
REPORT! WHAT'S GOING ON? JAHSON?
IT'S A FULL INVASION BY THE BORG, PRIME MINISTER. THEY HAVE TARGETED OUR LARGEST CITIES FIRST.
THEY ARE NOW SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROYING ALL OF OUR COMMAND AND CONTROL APPARATUS.

RED ALERT
OHHH... WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE.
WHERE—WHERE THE HELL IS STARFLEET?

A FULL TASK FORCE IS ON THE WAY TO DELTA, PRIME MINISTER.
THE POTEMKIN AND THE LASSITER ARE ENGAGING THE BORG NOW, BUT...

THE LASSITER, SIR...
I SEE IT.


I DON'T UNDERSTAND. EVERY OTHER TIME WE HAVE ENCOUNTERED THE BORG, THEY HAVE CALLED FOR OUR SURRENDER BEFORE AN ATTACK.
BUT THIS TIME... A SURPRISE ATTACK OF UNPRECEDENTED FEROCITY?
IT'S UNUSUAL. IT ALSO LOOKS LIKE THE BORG AREN'T ALONE. THEY ARE ACCOMPANIED BY SOME OTHER TYPE OF CYBORGS. SOMETHING WE HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE. LOOK.
THOSE AREN'T BORG.


PRIME MINISTER, FULLY HALF OF DELTA HAS ALREADY BEEN OVERRUN. THIS WILL BE OVER IN A MATTER OF HOURS. THE TASK FORCE WILL NOT BE HERE IN TIME.
EVEN THIS UNDERGROUND COMMAND CENTER COULD BE COMPROMISED AT ANY MOMENT...

I HEAR YOU, JAHSON. ORDER A FULL PLANETARY EVACUATION.
PRIME MINISTER? SURELY WE CAN REPEL THIS...

TOO LATE—THEY'VE FOUND US!

GET HER OUT OF HERE! WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF.

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!

THE HANGAR BAY ISN'T FAR. MOVE!

U.S.S. MATTINGLY

THE TASK FORCE WILL ARRIVE SOON, PRIME MINISTER. YOUR HOME WILL BE YOURS AGAIN.
I APPRECIATE THE SENTIMENT, CAPTAIN, BUT WHAT WILL BE LEFT?

NCC-65927
U.S.S. KIESSLER
U.S.S. MATTINGLY

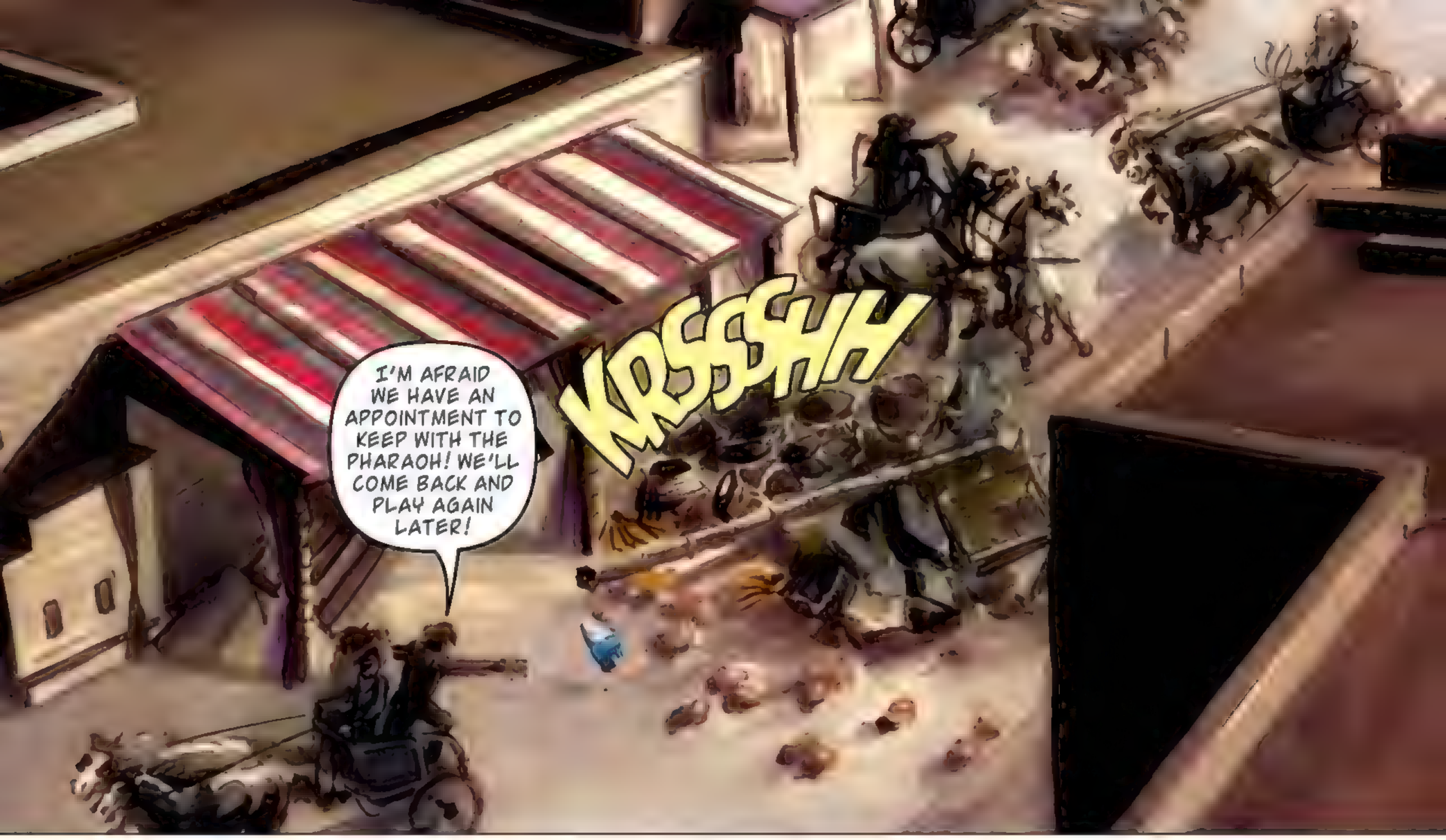
EARTH. ANCIENT EGYPT.

I CAN'T LOOK!

AMELIA "AMY" POND. THE GIRL WHO WAITED.

ISN'T THAT BETTER? ALWAYS IMPORTANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN IN THIS LIFE, POND, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY.
THIS IS NOT BETTER!
MAYBE LESS SCREAMING? TRYING TO CONCENTRATE UP HERE, THANK YOU!
HAVEN'T HAD TO DO THIS IN ABOUT TWO THOUSAND YEARS!
RORY WILLIAMS. HUSBAND TO AMY. NURSE AND OCCASIONAL ROMAN SOLDIER.
YES, ABSOLUTELY, BY ALL MEANS, EYES ON THE ROAD, RORY! THESE CHARIOTS CAN BE INCREDIBLY HAZARDOUS! WHY, I'VE SEEN LIMBS RIPPED RIGHT OFF!

SO. ANY IDEAS, THEN? OR ARE WE JUST GOING TO REMINISCE ABOUT OUR FAVORITE GRUESOME ACCIDENTS?
WELL, NO ONE HAS A FAVORITE, RORY. STILL, SOME ARE MORE MEMORABLE THAN OTHERS, BUT THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE...
...YES, THAT SHOULD DO NICELY...
...HELLO THERE! LOVELY STALL! JUST BORROWING THIS!
KRAK


I'M AFRAID WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP WITH THE PHARAOH! WE'LL COME BACK AND PLAY AGAIN LATER!
KRSSSHH

SURE. BECAUSE THIS IS DEFINITELY *PLAYING*. THAT MEANS IT SHOULD BE *FUN*, RIGHT?
WELL, YOU DON'T NEED TO LOOK *SO* PLEASED WITH YOURSELF.
I DON'T KNOW, THAT WAS FAIRLY IMPRESSIVE.
I THINK IT MIGHT ACTUALLY REQUIRE ALL THREE OF US TO BE PROPERLY IMPRESSED ENOUGH TO HANDLE IT.

WHERE TO NOW, THEN? OR ARE THERE SOME *OTHER* PLACES AROUND HERE WHERE YOU'D LIKE TO TRY TO GET US KILLED?
ONLY ONE MORE, RORY! THAT WAY!

"THE PHARAOH'S PALACE!"

NOW THIS CALLS FOR A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SNEAKINESS. FORTUNATELY, I'M GOOD AT SNEAKY, SO I DON'T EXPECT PROBLEMS.

THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER SHOULD LEAD US RIGHT TO HIM...

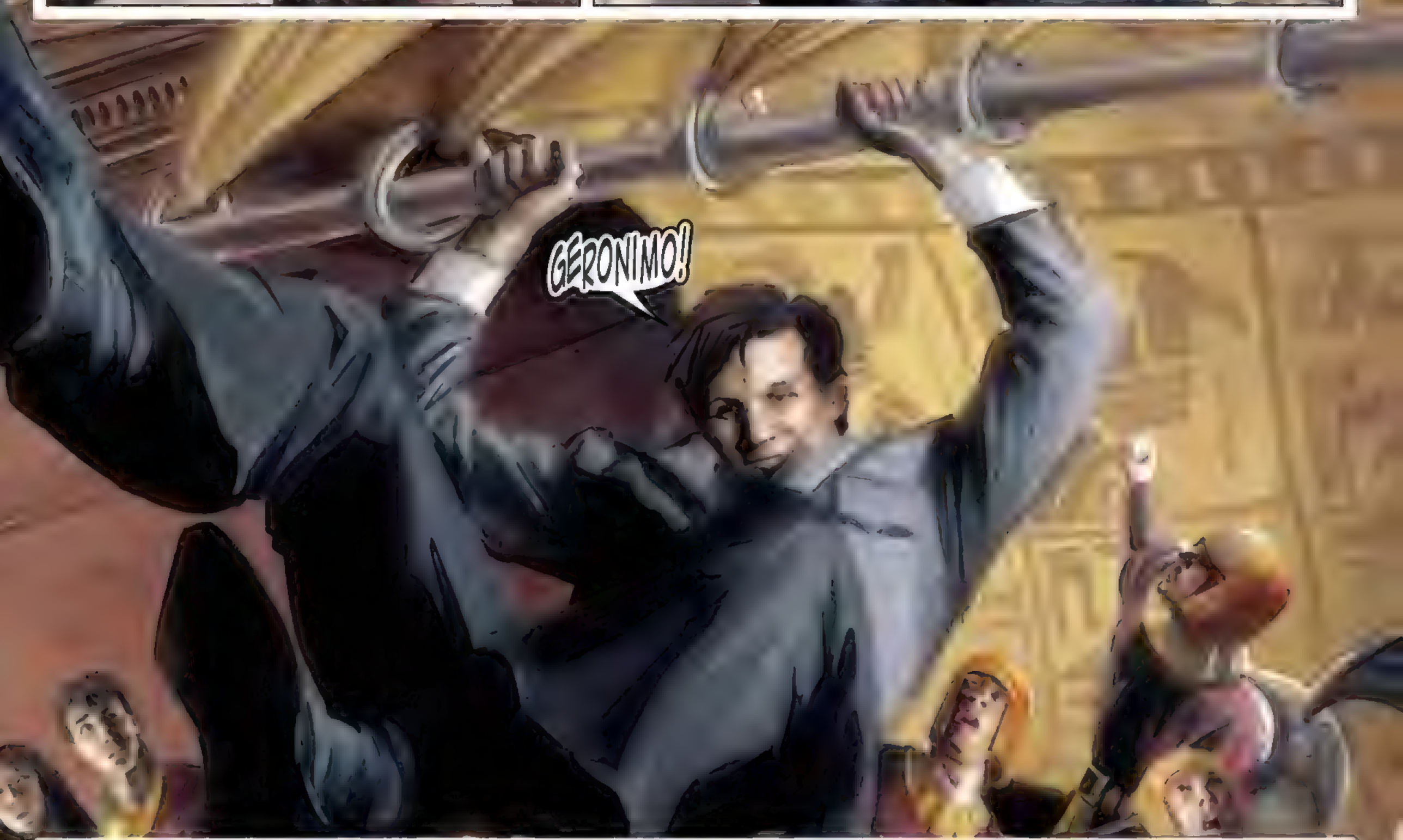
WHIRRR

YEAH, SURE. SNEAKY, HE SAYS. NO PROBLEM. I CAN HANDLE THAT—

—WHOAAA!
KRSSHHHH
UM. RIGHT. SORRY?
ON YOUR FEET, SOLDIER!
OKAY, NOT SNEAKY, FORGET SNEAKY.
SO LET'S TRY MAKING FRIENDS.
HELLO!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

I JUST NEED TO HAVE A LOOK AT THIS, IF YOU DON'T MIND. TALK AMONGST YOURSELVES FOR A MOMENT.
DOCTOR! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
GET DOWN FROM THERE!

WHIRRR
LOOK OUT BELOW, PONDS!


GERONIMO!

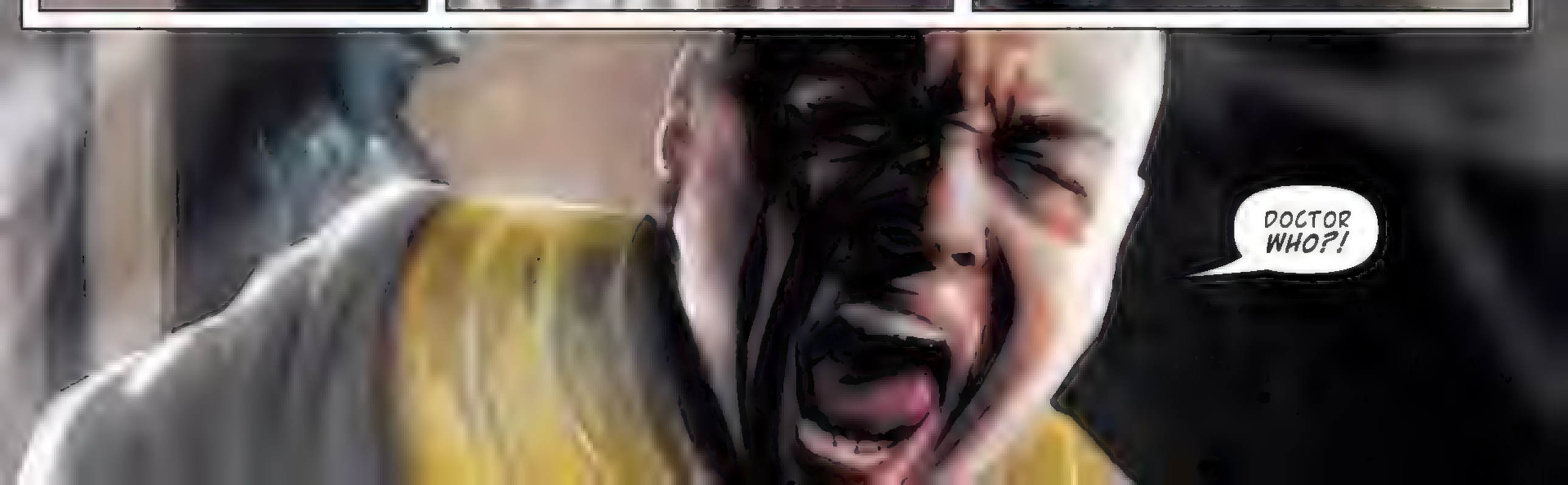
THAT REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE WORKED!
YOU THINK?!

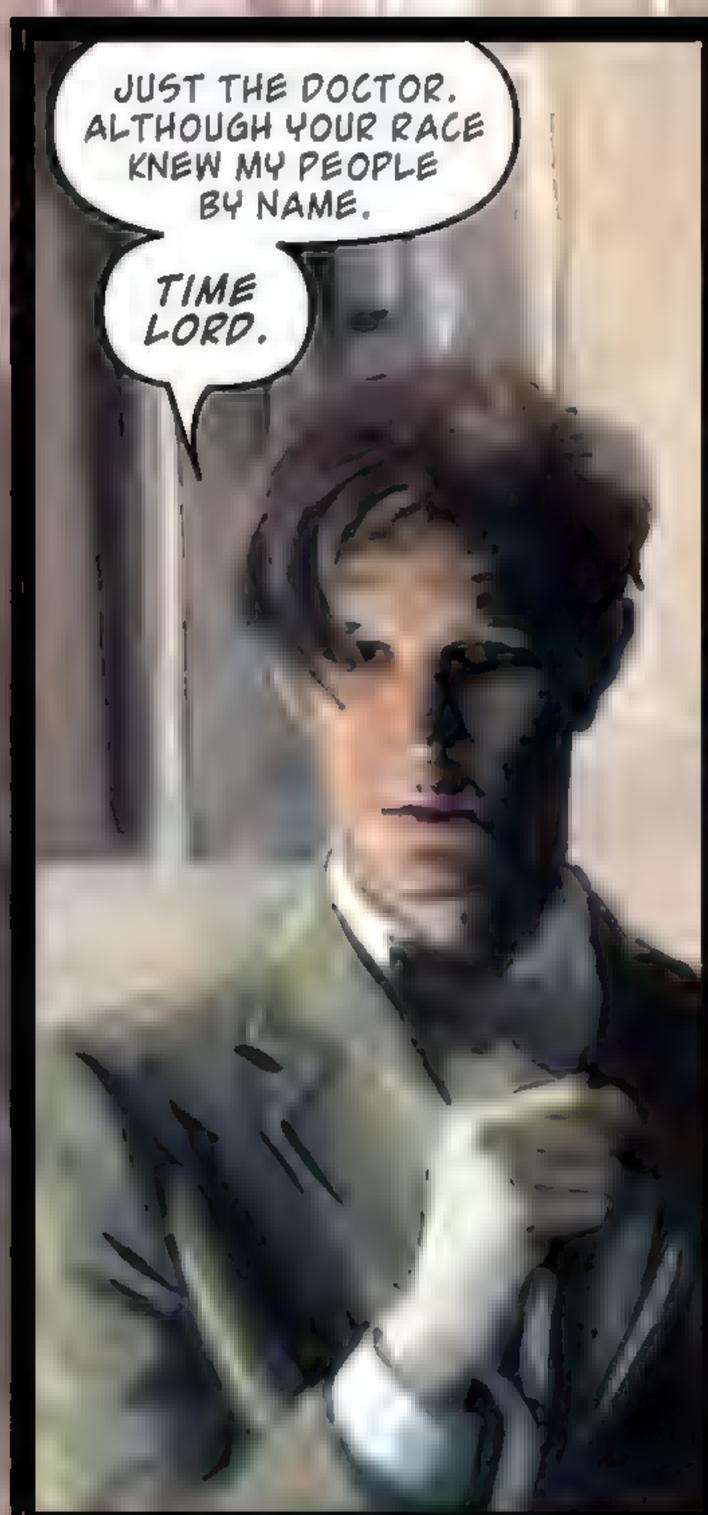
HERE WE ARE, FINAL STOP. JUST NEED TO GET IN TO SEE THE MAN IN CHARGE AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.
YES, BUT HOW?
LEAVE THAT TO ME.
RORY!
YOUR HUSBAND KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING, AMELIA. LET HIM BE.
I SHOULD THINK HE'LL BE ABLE TO BLUFF HIS WAY INTO INTIMIDATING A COUPLE OF FOIL-WRAPPED SECURITY GUARDS INTO GOING FOR A STROLL.
HE DID IT!
SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU? RORY POND—FULL OF SURPRISES!

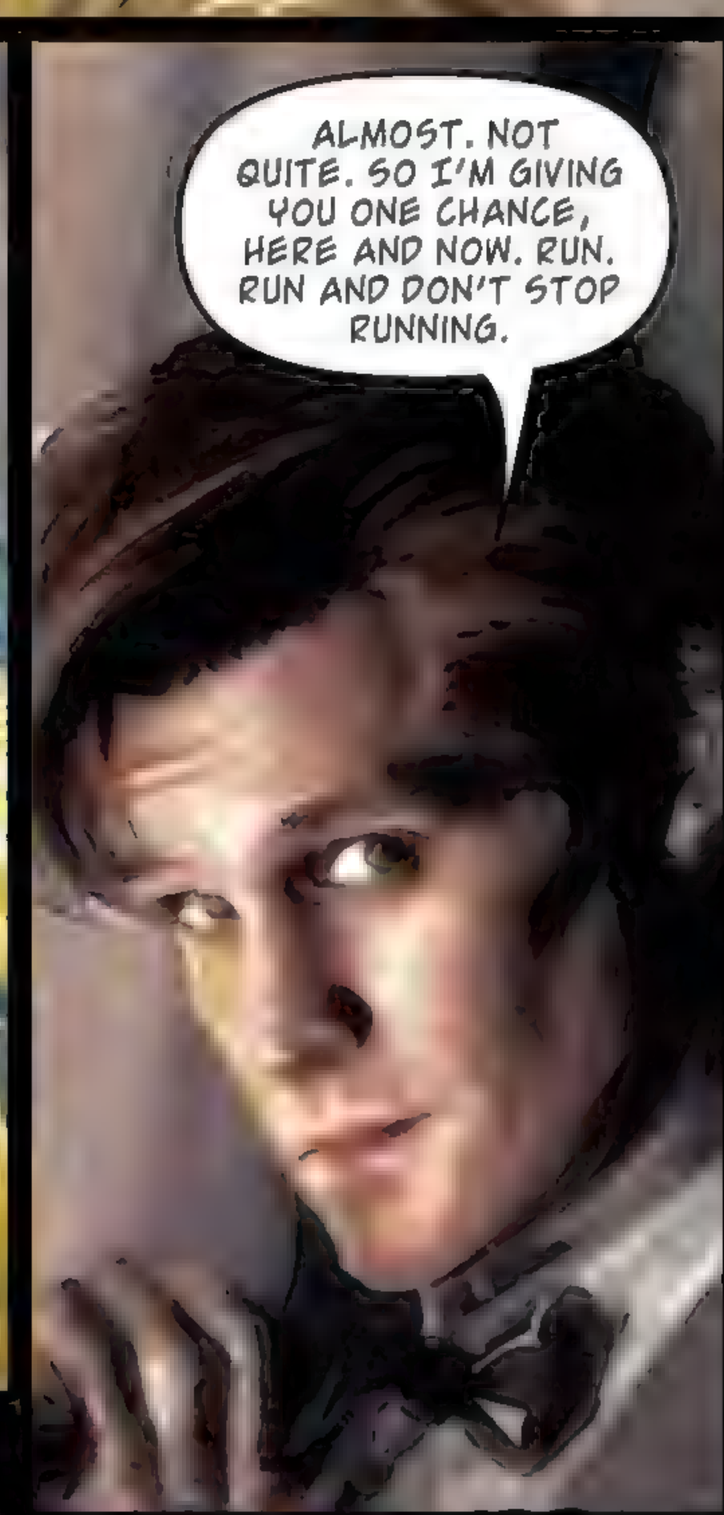
HELLO, PHARAOH! ABSOLUTELY LOVE THE PLACE. VERY DRAMATIC, VERY BIG. ALWAYS BEEN FOND OF BIG.

HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?! WHO ALLOWED THESE STRANGERS IN MY PRESENCE?

A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, MIGHTY ONE. THESE OUTLANDERS HAVE CLEARLY GONE MAD FROM THE DESERT HEAT. I'LL DISPATCH THEM AT ONCE.







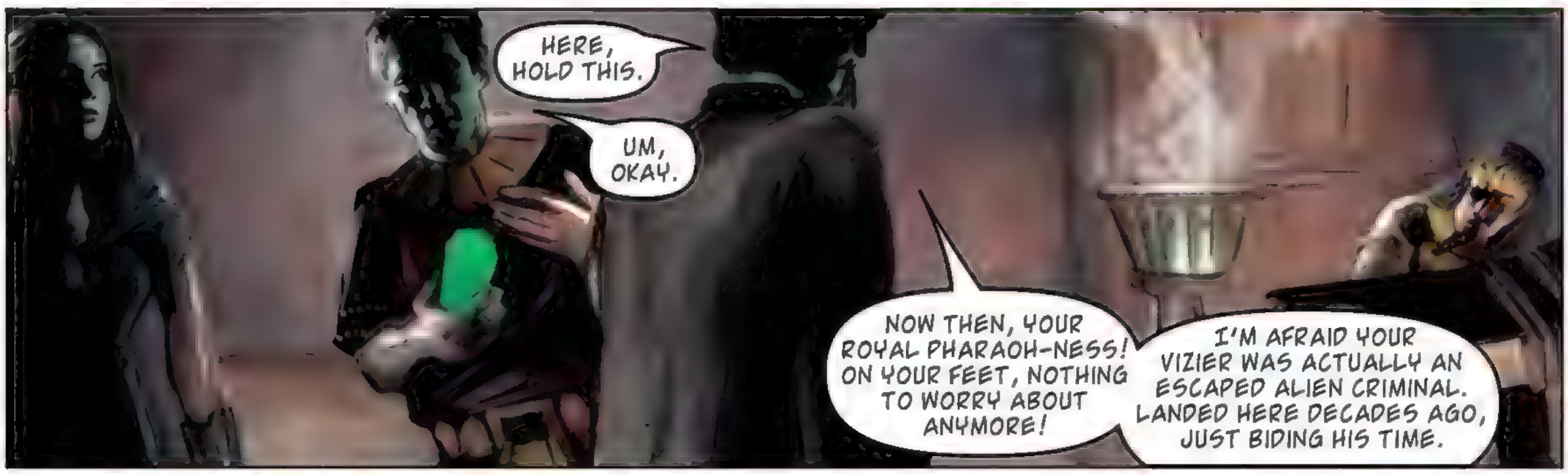
WHAK

NEVER!

I'M SICK OF PRETENDING THESE TOADS ARE MY BETTERS! I'M UNSTOPPABLE!

NOOOOOOOO!

NOTHING FOR IT. TIME FOR YOU TO BE ON YOUR WAY.



LATER, IN THE TARDIS...
AFTER ALL THAT, I THINK WE NEED TO GO SOMEWHERE... COOL. AND FOGGY. FOGGY IS GOOD. GOOD FOR THE PORES.
"EARTH" FOGGY OR "FAR-OFF PLANET WHERE WE'LL UNDOUBTEDLY BE DRAWN INTO TROUBLE" FOGGY?
BY THE WAY, DOCTOR, HERE'S YOUR GLOWING... GREEN... THING BACK.
RRRRRMMBLLLL
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
WHOA!
HANG ON! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

VWORP
VWORP
VWORP
VWORP
SO WHERE ARE WE? WHEREVER IT IS, I HAVE TO ADMIT, I DO LIKE THE FASHION.
BRRR, IT'S CHILLY OUT HERE...
FREE
OF COURSE IT'S A LITTLE CHILLY! THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA!
AS MY FRIEND MISTER CLEMENS ONCE SAID, THE COLDEST WINTER I EVER SPENT WAS A SUMMER IN SAN FRANCISCO.
1941, JUST BEFORE THE UNITED STATES ENTERED THE SECOND WORLD WAR. A CITY OF GLAMOUR AND MYSTERY, BUT A LITTLE ROUGH AND TUMBLE, TOO, SO WATCH YOUR STEP.

IS THIS WHERE YOU WERE PLANNING TO TAKE US? THAT LANDING FELT ROUGHER THAN USUAL.
OH, THAT WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, I DON'T THINK. AND THIS WAS PRECISELY WHERE I MEANT TO GO! IT'S SAN FRANCISCO, AMY! DON'T YOU WANT TO DINE ON SEAFOOD WHILE OVERLOOKING THE GRANDEUR OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN?
FINE. SO WHAT ELSE CAN WE EXPECT?
DOCTOR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
FINE, RORY. BETTER THAN FINE. JUST A LITTLE DIMENSIONAL FEEDBACK.
HAVEN'T YOU READ ANY DETECTIVE STORIES, AMY? SEEN ANY FILM NOIR? SAN FRANCISCO IN THE 1940s WAS A BUBBLING CAULDRON OF CAPERS AND INVESTIGATIONS!
4th
TOM'S BAKERY
WHY, WE'RE BOUND TO RUN INTO SOMETHING UNUSUAL HERE!

SOMETHING UNUSUAL, LIKE THAT ANDROID IN THE PINSTRIPED SUIT.
TO BE CONTINUED!